

D IN A DEER'S MOUTH

Taxidermist's Queer
Find May Make An-
other Cripple
Creek.

have strange ways of coming
but to appear in the form of
lead is one of the strangest of
queer pranks. This is exactly
happened, however, and Frank
Kansas City, Mo., a taxidermist,
man:

or Professor Dixon, as his
name is a hale old Englishman,
old years are belled in every
energetic limbs. His bright
looking out from their back-
hair and beard, signalize a
alert, while a prominent
stamps his physiognomy
of strong individuality

has been a taxidermist in
twenty years, and during
me, he has probably studied
of animals as went into
Dixon, in his own busi-
ist and an ambitious one,
his strange-smelling den is
the professor engaged in
out octopus from the Pacific
humble blue-jay from Miss-

s ago, he received from an
man, Earl Tankerville, of
rk in the north of England,
ing in this country, a deer's
fers to be treated and

he head, a dark, yellowish
on the outer surface of the
lower jaw attracted his atten-
apped off the yellow crust and
little particles that filled the
between the teeth, where nature
to have done a very fair job of

n says that when he had col-
scrapings together into a little
per, and held them in his hands,
did Monte Cristo, when the door
first flew open at his touch.
were gold, there was only one
ount for their presence in the
L. E. knew the habits of the
new hat he had only to find
frequently by the deer
where that buck was
that contained the pre-
There was no other
the presence of the parti-
r's teeth. He knew that the
lick the soil, but actually
they are eager for salt, and
y clear that the natural acids
outh had operated to release
form the incrustations. Ho

ing, said Mr. Dixon came,
to a lone cabin, and on
und it tenanted by an old
amed Gabriel Prevot, who
ed in that vicinity for fifteen
ed to be a sort of hermit,
ating and fishing, but who
trips into civilization, gen-
purpose of filling a ten-gallon
e kept concealed about the

revot seemed to "hit it off."
Chance again favored the
le told Prevot the story of
n, and Prevot heard it in a
way. He told Dixon that
erous deerflicks in that vi-
that there was gold there,
seif had located twelve claims,
hich assayed very rich. He told
e had often picked up good ang-
e valleys, and once when he was
long hunt, in a little canyon off
te River, he had found a lump of
old as big as a hen's egg, which he
a Denver and sold at the bank.
ext day Prevot took Dixon to his
ets" and one of them showed a vein
three feet wide, clearly outcropping
ountain side for a mile.
Just ashamed to tell you all that
man showed me," said Dixon. "I
ow people look upon these gold
I have brought back with me
ags of specimens which I knocked
a hammer from the outcropping
and these I have had assayed. No, I
not going to risk my reputation for
city by telling you what they assayed,
y that that region is rich in gold-I
that it is fabulously rich-some of
days there will be a bigger rush out
than there was to Cripple Creek.
It is almost virgin soil-it hasn't
led with a penknife, comparative-

and with Prevot two or
thoroughly explored the
used several of the old
cated some on his own
returned to Kansas
to interest the cap-



SEARCHING FOR THE GOLD

A NORTHERN PARADISE.

Is There a Land of Tropi-
cal Fruits and Flow-
ers Within the Arc-
tic Circle.

There is either a fine luxuriant country
in the neighborhood of the North Pole or
also a man in San Francisco has been let-
ting his imagination run away with him.
This man is Mr. J. C. Green, and he is
the owner of the most northern mine in
the world.

The mine is a profitable mine of lead,
with gold and silver as by-products. But
the astonishing thing about Mr. Green's
story is that he describes an absolutely
new land, where the mine is situated, and
tells of a genial climate within the Arctic
circle, as if he were bombing a Summer
resort.

The mine is situated on Omilak Moun-
tain, a hundred miles inland and northward
from Norton Sound, which is far up in
Alaska. To reach the mine a course is
taken to Norton Sound and Golovin Bay,
and then up Fish River as far as it is
navigable, and thence with pack mules to
Omilak Mountain. The mine was discover-
ed in 1883 by Mr. Green, who saw some-
thing of the place when he was hunting
for furs.

"To our surprise the further north we
went after getting through the islands the
clearer the water became, until, having
reached Norton Sound, the contract was
as great almost as though we had sailed
south to Hawaii. We found green hills
and spreading meadows, a rank and luxu-
rant vegetation, clear sky and balmy air.
"Not only that, but we discovered sub-
sequently that these conditions continued
throughout the long six months of Summer.
In this far northern region, as you know,
the sun shines almost continuously for six
months.

"The warm Japan current sets in toward
Norton Sound, a range of high mountains
serve as a shield against the winds of the
east, while it confines the warmer winds
of the west. Upon these conditions are
built this paradise in the very shadow,
one might say, of the North Pole.

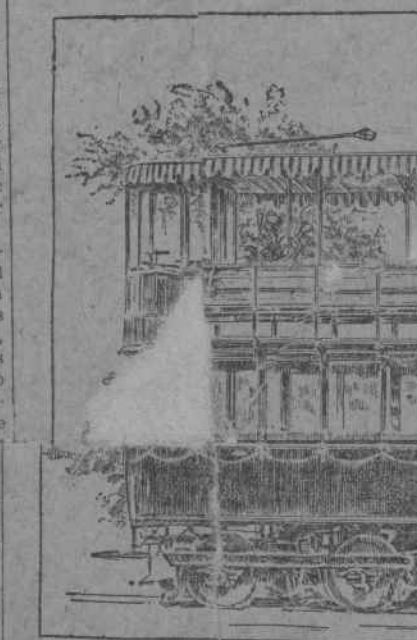
"The hottest weather I ever saw," con-

tinued Mr. Green, "was here in the valley
of the Fish River, the thermometer stand-
ing above 100. This region is capable of
supporting a large population. The soil is
fertile and nature is prodigal in her prod-
ucts. Game of all sorts abounds and the
rivers are alive with fish.

"Birds of every description, from wild
geese to the little humming bird, come here
to nest. A hunter may come in after a
day's shooting laden with ducks, geese,
pheasants and grouse, while swallows, reed
birds and sandhill cranes may be seen
everywhere.

"Immense salmon and halibut may be
caught in the streams with hook and line.
Grass in the meadows grows as high as
one's head, and huckleberries grow so thick
that they may be scooped up by the hand-
ful. So, you see, no man need starve in that
region. I have visited the mine almost
every year since 1883, and those friends
who have had occasion to accompany me
have never failed to be astonished at what
they saw there.

"It is a country full of wonders, and,



The New Trolley Car With Seats on Top.

therefore, full of interest. It is, I think,
the newest country on the face of the
earth. Its many volcanoes are another
proof of its recent birth.

"I am contemplating a plan for import-
ing a lot of Icelanders, as I understand
the climate there is growing more and
more severe, and they would think the
region of Omilak, even in Winter, was a
garden spot."

"Dark and dismal in Winter? Not at
all. To be sure, there is very little sun-
shine, but the light slit of snow that cov-
ers the ground and the beautiful and won-
derful northern lights that illuminate the
heavens make it quite cheerful.

"In Summer the sun scarcely sets, and
one has to keep a very close watch on the
time not to allow one's day merge into the
next without being aware that it has done
so.

HOW A DEER'S
TOOTH LOCATED
A GOLD MINE.



A TWO-STORY
STREET CAR.
A Pullman Double-Decker
With Observation
Seats on the
Roof.

The very latest improvement in the traf-
fic line is the new double-decker observa-
tion street car which has just been in-
vented by Charles L. Pullman, of Chicago.
All indications point to its general adop-
tion in this and other large cities.

The accompanying cut, taken from a
photograph, shows a symmetrical and
tasteful structure. It is built on the ves-
tibule plan, and is constructed entirely
of steel. One of the main novelties which
the car contains is a double entrance at
each side. In the middle of the car, so
that whichever way a car may be running
two entrances are always available on the
side which is safe for passengers to enter
or leave.

These entrances lead to a centre vesti-
bule, from which entrance to the car may
be had through sliding doors. Four short
comfortable stairways lead from the ves-
tibule to the upper or observation deck. As

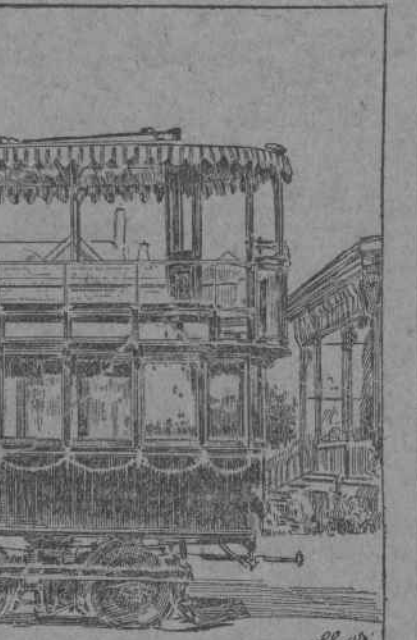
tirely new feature in street cars and gives
a uniqueness in form and design to the
whole structure, and is, of course, the
foundation of all the improvements and ad-
vantages claimed by the double-decker.

People who have used the funny little
cars running out of Paris to its famous
suburbs, and who have seen London from
the top of a 'bus, will remember with how
much pleasure they rode on even these
clumsy and inconvenient vehicles. It is
therefore safe to predict that the new car
will prove exceedingly popular with sight-
seers, as well as with those who are fond
of a smoke and a breath of fresh air while
in transit between their homes and their
places of business.

A BREAD AND BUTTER DIET

This Englishwoman Has Never Eaten Any-
thing Else All Her Life, and Has
Never Had a Day's Sickness.

The newest diet suggested as productive



of longevity is bread and butter. There is
in Hythe, England, a lady who lives en-
tirely on bread and butter, and has done
so all her life. She has never tasted meat,
game, fish, vegetables, jam and only a few
kinds of biscuits and sweets. She has
never had a day's illness in all her life
and never had recourse to medicine of any
description. Her friends have tried in
vain to induce her to eat something besides
bread and butter, but she confines her-
self entirely to the diet on which she has
existed for at least thirty years. She is
strong and healthy in every respect,
healthier, in fact, than a great many
people who have lived upon exactly the
food that is supposed to make us feel
as if illness were a total stranger and
always would be.

WINDOWS OF CLOTH.

A Substitute for Glass
Which Never Leaks
and Will Not
Break.

Windows of cloth instead of glass
sounds like an impossibility, and yet it is
a reality, and the employment of such a
substitute is an acknowledged success. It
is not ordinary cloth, but such as is trans-
lucent, through which light comes just as
through glass. To all intents and purposes
this cloth window is similar to the sheets
of glass, and lasts ever so much longer,
while still having just as good an appear-
ance.

Now, the remarkable feature of this new
fabric is that it never leaks, does not break
and is nearly one-third cheaper than glass.
A large skylight composed of the new sub-
stitute for glass, which has been in con-
stant use long enough to show its worth,
remains in perfect condition, not one cent
having been spent on it for repairs.

The material has many advantages
claimed for it, chief of which is that by
its employment in train sheds, freight
houses, large auditoriums, and public build-
ings having skylights of large area, the
light weight of the material permits of a
simple, inexpensive and light form of sky-
light construction.

The joints are made water-tight by a spe-
cial method used with this material. The
translucent fabric consists of a transparent
material spread over steel wire cloth, with
twelve meshes per inch, which gives the
panels a flexible and elastic quality per-
mitting its adjustment to any shape that
the roof structure may take, owing to the
expansion or contraction of the framework.
The fabric is strong and is made in panels
18x36 inches in size, and can carry a weight
of over 400 pounds per square foot.

It might be naturally assumed that the
translucent qualities of the fabric would
be much inferior to that of glass, but a
careful comparison has shown that the
amount of light which it transmits equals
that of ribbed glass one-quarter of an inch
thick. As it is treated with a special pre-
paration, the fabric is impervious to cin-
ders or even hot coals dropped upon it, and
will burn only when set fire to at the edges.
Even then the flames make slow progress,
thus furnishing timely warning.

Another argument in its favor is that it
is greatly superior to even the finest glass
as a covering for art galleries and studios,
for the reason that it will never leak, and
therefore serves as a perfect protection to
the valuable works of art. Sometimes a
heavy deposit of snow serves to crack the
strongest glass skylight, and often injures
paintings and tapestries beyond restoration.

OLD OCEAN'S DEATH FLEET.

A Veritable Graveyard of
Forgotten Hulks Im-
prisoned in a Sea
Weed Continent.

Far out in the Atlantic Ocean, away from
the regular tracks of ocean travel and
avoided with superstitious dread by sailors
of all nations, is a veritable ocean grave-
yard.

There, amidst a silence never broken save
by the scream of the sea gull or the wild
shriek of the storm, rides the Death Fleet,
dreary and desolate by day, under the
burning glare of the hot, semi-tropical sun;
grim and spectral in the silvery light of
the moon.

Fleets may go, and fleets may come in
the world of men, but this Death Fleet
moves silently and ghostlike on its cease-
less journey toward the inevitable end.
Regularly each month there come additions
to this silent fleet, but no booming of
guns welcomes the newcomer and no col-
ors are dipped; the only greeting is a
waving of tattered sails and broken shrouds
and rattles. Slowly, but surely, the new-
comer takes her place in the fleet, and the
endless cruise continues.

However madly the Storm King may
lash the waves into fury or the Summer
hurricane sweep up and down the waste
of waters, the Death Fleet heeds it not.
The ships do not heed to the wind, nor re-
spond to the tempest. Silently and well
they move in their way, heeding no
wind, nor wave, nor calm, nor storm.

More weird and ghastly than any
ception of sea romance in this ocean a
yard with its Fleet of Death, known to
geographers and seamen as the Sargasso
Sea. It is a sea of death in fact as well
as fancy, and it is in this midst of death
and silence that nine-tenths of the derelicts
which are abandoned in all parts of the
Atlantic eventually find an end to their
wanderings, and, joining the Death Fleet
cruise about the seaweed sea until, water-
logged and weakened, they sink to the bot-
tom of the ocean.

That peculiar portion of the ocean known
as the Sargasso Sea lies in the Atlantic
west of the Azores Islands, approximately
in latitude 35 north, longitude 40 west, and
is in appearance unlike anything else on
earth or sea. It lies just at that point in
the ocean where the eastward currents
turn southward and, half circling the Sar-
gasso Sea, move sharply westward.

The ocean here is nothing but a solid
mass of seaweed, so dense in places as to
support the weight of a man for a short
time. It is here that the majority of derel-
icts, caught by ocean currents, which
seem to centre at its eastern edge, finally
drift, and, once within the confines of
the sea, it is rare that a ship ever escapes
without the aid of steam or sail. This
mass of seaweed, miles in extent, is so
solid that even the heaviest seas have lit-
tle effect upon it, or anything that may be
within its confines. Isolated, so far away
from the ordinary track of ships, it is
seldom visited except by occasional scien-
tific parties, and some of the reports which
they have brought back read more like
fiction than fact.

There are ships in all stages of wreck;
some lying on their beam ends, others
turned bottom up, while others are ap-
parently as staunch and seaworthy as on
the day they were launched. Some are
partially dismantled, while the rigging of
all the different craft is in all stages of
disrepair. Sea gulls find a resting place
everywhere about the abandoned craft.
They scamper over the surface of this
strange sea, and there are ugly crabs
and shellfish unlike anything in any other
part of the globe.

Several attempts have been made by ven-
turesome salvage seekers to capture some
of the craft of this Death Fleet, but owing
to the density of the sea weed, and in
every case to combinations of unforeseen cir-
cumstances, the attempt has ended in fail-
ure. In the majority of cases the wreckers
considered themselves lucky to get away
with their lives and to reach their homes in
safety. Then they told wild tales of hide-
ous monsters, with hundreds of arms that
reached out in all directions from aboard
the abandoned craft, entwining in a grip
of death the men who had the hardihood
to invade their lairs.

They told of strange, unearthly sounds at
night, when through the darkness the rag-
ing of the storm and the flashing of the
lightning could be seen and heard outside
the limits of the mysterious sea, while
within its confines all was silent as the
grave. Not even a sail would flap against
the masts, and the adventurers would stand
in speechless fear upon the deck of their own
ship and gaze in horror as they saw pale,
greenish-blue lights flit about the decks of
Death Fleet. Under such circumstances it
is hardly to be wondered at that the aver-
age sailor refused to continue the work of
salvage seeking, and was only too glad to
abandon the enterprise.

And yet there is more than fancy in these
strange sailor yarns of the Sargasso Sea
and its Fleet of Death. The hundred-armed
monster which entwined men and gradually
killed them was only one of the huge
cuttle or devil fish which abound in that
sea, while the weird, greenish-blue light,
which they took to be the forms of a
ghostly crew moving about, was only the
phosphorescent gleams well known to every
schoolboy to be caused by atmospheric ac-
tion on decayed wood, and made visible
by the darkness of the night.

A record of some known derelicts and
their driftings had been kept by the Gov-
ernment. The longest one on record is
that of the American three-masted schooner
Fannie E. Wolston, lumber laden, aban-
doned October 15, 1891, off Cape Hatteras.
Two months later she was first reported
as a derelict, in almost the same place
where she had been abandoned. In all she
was sighted thirty-four times. On De-
cember 26, 1892, she was reported as being
in about latitude 31 north, longitude 32
west, having drifted more than half way
across the ocean and crossed her own track
four times in doing so.

A south, n



Actual Reality